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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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MY BOY.

A little crib in mother's room
A little face with baby bloom,
A little head with curly hair,
A little wooly dog, a chair.

A little while for bumps and cries,
A little while to make mud pies,
A little doubting wonder when—
A little pair of hands to clean.

A little ball, a top to spin,
A little "ulster" belted in,
A little pair of pants, some string,
A little bit of everything.

A little blustering, boisterous air,
A little spirit of "don't care,"
A little tramping off to school,
A little shrug at woman's rule.

A little odor of cigar,
A little twilight talk with ma,
A little earnest study, then—
A little counsel grave again.

A little talk about "my girl,"
A little soft mustache to twirl,
A little tone of jealous fear,
A little hope the way to clear.

A little knowledge of the world,
A little self-conceit down hurled,
A little manly purpose new,
A little woman waiting true.

A little wedding gay at eve,
A little pang the home to leave,
A little mother lone at dawn,
A little sigh—my boy has gone.

Thrilling Adventure with a Tiger

The following is taken from a book published in 1876, entitled: "A Narrative of Travel and Sport in Burmah, Siam and the Malay Peninsula," written by John Bradley, one of a party of three adventurous hunters. He had a rough introduction.

"In the afternoon we continued on our march, but with no signs of being likely to meet with sport, and about four o'clock we turned towards our camp. We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning, when he exclaimed, 'Beware, sahib!' and a full-grown tiger went past us at a gallop. A straggling volley was fired after it, and although evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and rearing itself on its hind legs clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or table. Mr. Grant and myself fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its paws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat; and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the report of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me; but I did not lose consciousness. As I was jolted through the the forest I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time though quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to my danger that some persons have described under very similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterwards declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile. They followed as fast as they could run, and although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life: for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions; though, as yet, I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to creep to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand. In an instant, and with a terrible roar, the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and lacerating my chest with its claws. A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to fire too high. A second and third shots were equally unsuccessful; and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, and could not repress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, very fortunately for me. Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and commenced to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but I could not see him, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my brave friend, Grant, was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

Capt. Lacy and some of the natives came up, and proceeded to staunch the flow of blood from my wounds. That on my thigh was the worst. The flesh was bitten and torn to such an extent that the bone was visible. The wounds on the chest were also severe, but my shoulder was not very much injured. When the bleeding was stopped I fainted, and upon recovering consciousness found I was being carried along on a rough litter formed of boughs. I suffered great pain, especially in the leg; and was exceedingly thankful when we arrived at our camping place.

As soon as the news spread about Shallangat that a tiger had been slain, the people came crowding around our tent to see it. The hubbub they created was horrible. There was shouting, singing, beating of tomtoms and drums, blowing of reeds, dancing and exulting over the dead animal. In my weak state the noise was particularly irritating; and as it was in vain to appeal to the sympathies of these people, the dead beast was removed to a distance, where the rejoicing continued nearly all night.

The following day fever set in, and towards noon I became delirious. With a few lucid intervals, I was in this state for five days."

[It was a month before Mr. Bradley was able to ride. This was the only real close shave experienced by any of the party, though they had plenty of stirring adventures.]

Sound practical advice given by a misanthrope: If ever you should be attacked by night, never shout "Murder!" for no one will bother about you; yell "Fire!" and everybody will be out of door in a jiffy.

A Cheap and Warm House.

Having erected a balloon frame and adjusted the studding for the reception of the door and window frames, with a firm foundation, nail boards to the foot of the studs outside and in, driving the nails so that they can readily be drawn, and fill in between the boards with a mixture of one part lime to sixteen parts coarse gravel—the mortar containing, of course, no stones of larger diameter than the width of the studs or the space between the boards nailed to them—and so continue to do, nailing on boards and filling in mortar until night. The next morning the nails may be drawn, and the boards raised and nailed on again if the weather has been warm and dry, as the mortar by that time will have set, so so as not to need their support; but if the weather has been damp a longer time will be required. Continue in this way until a height has been reached equal at least to that of the first story. Next nail strips of lath to the studs on the outside, insert the door and window frames, and proceed to side up the house. A cheap, warm and durable siding may be made from first quality fencing, matched and nailed on with the tongues up.

Having sided the house, plaster without lathing, upon the wall, which by this time will have become solid as stone. We now have a house with a space of about one-third of an inch between the stone and the siding (too narrow for mice) filled with dead air. The heat of the room during the day, of course, warms the stone walls, about four inches thick, and the warmth is retained during the night, the dead air preventing the escape of the heat. I have tested the above, in the house in which I now live, for about ten years, during which time we have kept no fires nights, and have found no frost gathered upon the wall, even in the coldest weather, except white specks upon the heads of the nails driven into the base or mop board. As the mortar can be mixed and filled in by the cheapest kind of a boy, the extra cost above that of an ordinary balloon frame house will not much exceed what is saved in the expense of lathing, and this is richly repaid by the increased comfort of the occupants of such a house.—[C. C. BAYLEY, Grant Co., Wis.

How Mutilated Notes and Silver Certificates are Redeemed.

From the official regulations of the United States in relation to the method and the limit of redemption of mutilated United States notes and silver certificates, we select the following:

United States notes and silver certificates to the extent of one-tenth, but not two tenths, are redeemable at nine-tenths of their full face value; two-tenths and not three-tenths at eight-tenths of their face value, three-tenths, but not four-tenths at seven-tenths of their face value. Fragments each constituting clearly one-half are redeemable at one-half the full face value of the whole notes or certificates.

Fragments less than half are redeemed only when accompanied by an affidavit executed in accordance with the requirements of Paragraph 9, except when together they constitute more than one-half a note and it appears from the fragments themselves or from an affidavit made in conformity to paragraph 9 that they are actually parts of one original note or certificate.

Paragraph 9 provides that notes and certificates mutilated as described in the preceding paragraphs, accompanied by an affidavit made from the owner and such other persons as may have knowledge of the facts, that the missing portions have been destroyed, are, if the proof furnished is satisfactory, redeemed at their full face value. The affidavit must state the cause and manner of mutilation, and must be sworn and subscribed to before some officer qualified to administer oaths, and who must affix his official seal thereto, and the character of the affiants must be certified to be good by some magistrate or other public officer. The Treasurer will exercise such a discretion under this regulation as may seem to be needful to protect the United States from fraud.

Origin of Writing.

The art of writing is most ancient, and the account of its origin lost in the distance of time. Many have supposed that the knowledge of letters was given to men by direct revelation from God. The Bible gives us the earliest notice on the subject that is anywhere to be found. Moses, we are told, received the two tables of the covenant on Mount Sinai, *written* with the finger of God; and before that, Moses himself was not ignorant of the use of letters. We find the first mention made of writing in Exodus xvii, 14. "And the Lord said unto Moses, write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua," etc. From the various texts of Scripture, in which it is mentioned, there is much reason to believe, says Mr. D. L. Musselman, in an article in the *Modern Argo*, quoted entire in *The Penman's Art Journal*, from which we take a few notes, there is reason to believe that the act of writing was understood among the Jews while other nations were yet without it, and that from them it has passed into all other countries and handed down to our own time. The Greeks and Romans believed that the Phœnicians were the inventors of letters, the knowledge of them being first brought by Cadmus from Phœnicia to Greece about 1500 B. C.

There is reason to hope that Galveston's musical fiend, Malony De Smith, has been squelched, if not permanently, for a season at least. At a little social gathering the other evening he produced, as usual "Way Down on the Swanee River." To his amazement, everybody applauded vociferously, after listening with rapt attention, instead of strolling about the premises until he got through his murderous work. Such expressions as "That gets away with Wilhelmj." "You bet there is soul in that," thrilled him with rapture. After the applause had subsided, one of the loudest applanders approached De Smith, and said: "That piece was delightful. I never heard it before; but would you be kind enough to play my favorite piece?"

"Why certainly; what is it?"

"Way Down on the Swanee River."

The instrument of tortue sank from his nerveless grasp, and after restoratives had been applied, the fiend was taken home in a hack. The boys had put up a job on him. —*Galveston News.*

Dampness in Houses.

Many householders are sorely troubled by the growth of fungi in damp rooms, to which they communicate, in a short time, an unpleasant smell and an unwholesome atmosphere. It is not only our cellars that are apt to be affected by fungoid growth, but the walls of the adjacent rooms, and many bed rooms on the ground floor are similarly rendered useless after a moist season. Many remedies have been proposed to destroy this fungoid growth, or to prevent its occurrence; but hitherto these remedies have been too expensive or totally inefficious. Recently an alcoholic solution of five grammes of salicylic acid per litre of water for washing the walls of rooms has been recommended. This is exactly one-half per cent., or one part salicylic acid for 200 parts liquid. No doubt the mold may be destroyed temporarily by this as by many other solutions, such, for instance, as corrosive sublimate or carbolic acid. The true remedy, however, is not this temporary expedient, nor attempting to hide the dampness by enamel paints, etc.; it is to cut off the source of moisture and to put the waterproof materials outside and not inside the walls.

OLD SAYINGS.—A greedy man God hates. A great mark is soonest hit. A hasty man never wants woe. A honey tongue, a heart of gall. A hungry man is an angry man. A great ship must have deep water. A great reputation is a great charge. A guilty conscience needs no accuser. A happy heart makes a happy visage. A handful of trade is a handful of gold. A jest driven too far brings home hate. A handsome man and a fool may wear the same cap. A great man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones. A handsaw is a good thing, but not to shave with. A joke never gains an enemy, but often loses a friend. A joyful evening may follow a sorrowful morning. A great man and a great river are often ill neighbors. A handful of sense is worth a bushel of learning. A great man will not trample on a worm, nor speak to an Emperor

PERSEVERANCE.—The Chinese have a capital illustration of the power of perseverance. One of their countrymen, who had been making strenuous efforts to acquire literary information, discouraged by difficulties, at last gave up his book in despair. As he returned to manual employment, he saw a woman rubbing a crowbar on a stone. On inquiring the reason, she replied that she was in want of a needle, and thought she would rub down the crowbar till she got it small enough. Her patience provoked him to make another trial, and he succeeded in obtaining the rank of one of the first three in the empire.

BORROWING TROUBLE.—Some people are always borrowing trouble, and in this way making not only themselves but everyone around them uncomfortable. They have contracted the habit of taking a discouraging look at everything. What time they do not spend in lamenting over the unaltered past, they devote to the prognostication of evils to come. It is a most pernicious and disagreeable habit. There is no use of regretting the past except so far as to profit by its experience in the future; while half the evils a gloomy-minded person is always predicting never happen. Cultivate a cheerful spirit, not only on your own account, but for its happy influence on all with whom you associate.

A man in Charleston thrashed his wife and then hanged himself to avoid arrest. There is something a little singular about the man's action. If he had hanged his wife and then thrashed himself, or if he had thrashed himself and then hanged his wife, or if his wife had thrashed him and then hanged herself and then hanged him, or if she had hanged herself and then thrashed him, or even if they had thrashed each other and then hanged themselves, there might have been some sense in it; but for a man to hang himself because he had thrashed his wife seems a singular occurrence in these enlightened days.—*Rome Sentinel.*

PETROLEUM.—The proof that petroleum sources are almost world-wide appears to be abundant, and its use would seem well-nigh coeval with civilization. In one of the Ionian islands there is a spring which has yielded petroleum more than 2,000 years. The wells of Armenia, on the banks of Jaro, were formerly used for lighting the city of Genoa. In Persia, too, near the Caspian sea at Baku, numerous springs of petroleum have been known from the earliest times; and those of Rangoon, on the Irawaddy, are said to have yielded, before the general introduction of petroleum among civilized nations, some 400,000 hogsheads of oil yer annum.

GAZPACHO.—In Mexico the peasants make a dish of onions and cucumbers called by this name. Peel and chop finely some cucumbers and onions. Take one heaping cup of each, add a long red Chili pepper (*Chili colorado*) finely chopped, also a heaping cup of bread crumbs. Add salt to taste, half a cupful of olive oil, one tablespoonful or more of vinegar, and water enough to moisten well. Put it into an earthen pipkin, set it on a rather slow fire or hot ashes. Simmer till thoroughly cooked. Serve hot with "tortillas" of waste bread. A little garlic is sometimes added, and the mixture is often served uncooked as a salad.

CONCEIT.—Dr. Holmes' good natured defence of conceit is not unpleasant reading, especially to persons overburdened by self-esteem. He says: "Talk about conceit as much as you like, it is to human character what salt is to the ocean; it keeps it sweet and renders it endurable. Say rather it is like the natural unguent of the sea-fowl's plumage, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him and the wave in which he dips. When one has had *all* his conceit taken out of him, when he has lost *all* his illusions, his feathers will soon soak through, and he will fly no more. Audacious self-esteem, with good ground for it, is always imposing. Even in common people, conceit has the virtue of making them cheerful; the man who thinks his wife, his baby, his house, his dog, and himself severally unequalled, is almost sure to be a good-humored person, though liable to be tedious at times."

THE PLEASURES OF ECONOMY.—In the practice of economy there is unmixed satisfaction. When one has a desire to purchase what he can do without, and has not the ready money to spare for it, consider whether there may not be more real comfort without it than with it, when not quite certain whence the money is coming to pay the indebtedness. In the end the pleasure will be found on the side of doing without the wished-for thing. Doing this once and again for months, one will be surprised in seeing how much he has been saved. Thus the poor man finds happiness in economy, though it might be misery to the rich man who thinks he can dispense with it. Honorable and consistent economy is never followed by regret.

In Murich, it is still the custom to provide against the possibility of premature burial. For three days after death the body of the deceased is placed in the house for the dead. A ring connected with a wire is placed on his finger, and, at the slightest possible movement of the hand, a bell is loudly rung, and the hurrying and startled official rushes to the spot. The spectacle is a somewhat ghastly one, to be sure, and, under certain circumstances, very harrowing; but it insures death before burial, and for this reason the custom commends itself to many who are more afraid of being buried alive than they are of dying. But even in this terrible place a distinction is made between the rich and the poor. The apartment where the rich are deposited is filled to overflowing with shrubs and flowers. In the large apartment where the remains of the humbler classes repose, there is no shrubbery at all, only a few cut flowers with which poverty has symbolized its affections, and its sorrows and its hopes, while the bodies of a few, perhaps what are called paupers, are covered with paper flowers and wreaths that could be bought for a few pfennigs. But what cared they? All—rich and poor—have at last shared the common fate.

If you want to accomplish anything as it should be done, you must go about it coolly, moderately, faithfully, heartily. Hurrying, fretting, fumbling, spluttering, will do no good—not in the least. Are great works of great men done in a hurry? Not at all. They are the products of time and labor—the result of slow, solid development. Nothing ought to be done in a hurry. It is contrary to nature, reason, right, justice and common sense. Your man of hurry is no sort of character at all—always in confusion, loose at every point, unhinged and unjointed, blowing and puffing here and there, with all his efforts ending in smoke.

The following from the Chicago *Journal* should be read by all newspaper correspondents: Never write a long-winded letter to a newspaper. The newspaper hates to publish it, and its readers won't read it. Be "short and to the point," if you would have your writing read. The matter of a newspaper letter must be of extraordinary interest to justify the occupancy of a column; of great interest to justify half a column; and not one in a hundred that occupies over a quarter of a column will be read by one in five hundred. When we receive a long letter for publication, we instinctively look for the waste-basket.

It is said that pencil drawings may be rendered ineffaceable by this simple process: Slightly warm a sheet of ordinary drawing-paper, then place it carefully on the surface of a solution of white resin in alcohol, leaving it there long enough to become thoroughly moistened. Afterward dry it in a current of air. Paper prepared in this way has a very smooth surface. In order to fix the drawing the paper is to be warmed for a few minutes. This method may prove useful for the preservation of plans or other designs, when the want of time, or any other cause, will not allow of the draughtsman reproducing them in ink. A simpler plan than the above, however, is to brush over the back of the paper containing the charcoal or pencil sketch a weak solution of white shellac in alcohol.

No man is wise or safe but he that is honest.

Even the weakest man is strong enough to enforce his conviction.

If you would never have an evil deed spoken of in connection with you, don't do one.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely, and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

How independent of money peace of conscience is, and how much happiness can be condensed in the humblest home!

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

One of the most effectual ways of pleasing and making one's self loved, is to be cheerful; joy softens more hearts than tears.

Commenting upon circulars, one of our exchanges says: "The manufacturer or merchant desiring to build up a trade in the country and not wishing to incur the expense of sending out travelers, can reach the attention of merchants through the medium of established journals of wide circulation. The best merchants always take these and they read them carefully. No valuable trade journal is ever thrown away by a good merchant, not at least before he has read it. The man who undertakes to build up a trade through circulars, would do better to throw them into Lake Michigan or in the back alley, for at least he would save his postage (which is an important item) and besides he would relieve the out-of-town merchant from the annoyance of receiving them and consigning them to the chiffoniers." Circulars have their place in the commercial world, but a reliable trade journal can do better and more effective work.

The simplest post-office in the world is in Magellan Straits, and has been established there for many years. It consists of a small cask, which is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in the straits, opposite Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to open the cask and take letters out and place others in it. The post-office is self-acting, therefore; it is under the protection of all the navies of all nations, and up to the present time there is not a single case to report in which any abuse of the privileges it affords has taken place.

BETHEL LITERARY AT LINCOLN MISSION.

BY LE DUKE

A striking illustration of the utility of literary associations is seen in the operations and influence of Bethel Literary. For years, we have boasted of literary associations, in which our best talent participated, but they have been conducted with special reference to the improvement and entertainment of individual members. The scope of investigation was wide and discussions were full, but the societies wielded no influence among those who were famishing while standing within sight of the sources of knowledge. They were narrow.

Their membership had to be of this or that social stripe. They had to be clerks or school teachers, while many who were the equals and superiors of the above-named persons, in point of intellectual attainment, were not permitted to participate in their deliberations.

Bethel Literary, while it consists of clerks, school teachers, professional men and others occupying the higher grades of labor, offers inducements and entry to all persons who desire to avail themselves of the benefits it is able to offer. It is democratic in its character and reaches out its arms to encompass all the people. As a consequence Bethel Literary is the most popular and at the same time the most influential and worthy institution which has ever been instituted among us. The character of the topics discussed is generally of the highest order and those who are invited to furnish subjects for discussion, intelligent and sometimes learned. This society is largely attended, and if we are to judge anything from the interest manifested among the young men and women, it is wielding a most powerful influence for good. The secret of its usefulness is in its liberality. It opens the door and invites all who desire to hear and be heard to enter. Such a society does much to build up a community. The neighborhood of Bethel Hall feels the beneficent influence of Bethel Literary.

The young men are found there drinking in the information which is imparted. They are learning to love Bethel Literary and will follow it wherever it goes. They will go to Lincoln Mission or any other place to be entertained. Now the thought which occurs to me is, would it not be well to continue these meetings at Lincoln Mission during the winter? The bulk of the colored people are in that direction and they are generally ignorant and do not know of this means of knowledge and refinement. Would not Bethel Literary do much this winter at Lincoln Mission, in the matter of stimulating in the minds of those in the vicinity, a desire for improvement and would they not emulate the society by forming like ones in the various churches near by?

We must not forget our duty to our people. We should offer every inducement to those who are ignorant in order to neutralize those vicious tendencies which idleness and ignorance breed. Let us continue our meetings there this winter. Open the doors and let all find the glorious light of instruction and I have no doubt that it will be said to the credit of Bethel Literary, that the community has been highly benefited and that the race as a whole has been lifted higher in the scale of civilization and respect. Those who know the usefulness of, and entertainment to be derived at, Bethel Literary will follow it to Lincoln Mission and those who do not know of its existence will be made to profit by knowing and loving it and be induced to exchange street corners for the debating club and literary society.

"Honeymoon" is of Teutonic origin, and derived from a luxurious drink prepared by the ancients. It was a custom to use it for 30 days, or a moon's age, after a wedding.

STEVENS SCHOOL BUILDING.

BY ARGUS.

Anthony Bowen School building has been referred to by Argus in no very complimentary terms. To be sure there was good reason to complain of that building, for it is no less than a trap, within which to smother children by reason of poor ventilation &c. And in the deep solicitude of my soul I implored the trustees to look about to find means of removing the causes of danger. As yet my warnings and my appeals have not been noticed. But believing in the eventual dominance of the eternal principles of justice over injustice, of right over wrong, I do not mean to be driven from duty on account of temporary dereliction on the part of our trustees touching their duty. But perhaps our trustees desire cumulative evidence. It may not be sufficient for me to present one case only which deserves their attention. So I will refer them to Stevens' School building. To call this abortion on respectable or tenantable achitecture a trap, is placing the mildest possible construction on the concern. The building suggests the rudest forms of architecture and, as for workmanship, a beaver might have done as well. In the first place, the peculiar location of the building makes it unhealthy. A well man shudders as he passes it, it offers such horrible suggestions of malaria and scarlet fever. To give my readers a notion of the dampness of the rooms on the first floor (where children are made to sit all day) it might be stated that the engine-room floor is sometimes covered with water to the depth of nearly 18 inches. The steps leading to the upper floors are built somewhat after the fashion of garret steps—at an angle of about 30 degrees; or thereabout. This would endanger, in case of a stampede, the lives of hundreds of innocent, excitable children. There is not a fire-proof partition in the whole building, all of them being constructed of laths and plaster.

The rooms are damp, the light poor and the floors sunken and delapidated. In the third story the floor has sunk 4 inches in the centre. On this account the children have been removed below lest the floors should fall in. The children have forsaken the third floor just as rats forsake a sinking ship, and unless the building is thoroughly renovated and strengthened, or torn down, in time, the old building will be entirely forsaken and stand a delapidated monument to the ignorance of its constructor and the recklessness of the trustees. The out-of-door facilites are poorly arranged and miserably kept and are calculated to breed disease and death. On the whole, there is no building in the city, which can claim title to school building, less acceptable for the purpose of instruction than this same trap—Stevens' building. On behalf of the patrons and in justice to the children and teachers, whose lives are doubly endangered, I call upon the trustees to provide suitable accommodations for school purposes. Should a calamity happen, by reason of dereliction on the part of the trustees, words cannot express the opprobrium which would be justly be heaped them. In the name of common decency, do something for Stevens' building.

In the course of our reading we should treasure up in our minds a store of goodly thoughts in well-wrought words, which should be a living repository of knowledge always with us, and from which, at various times, and amid all he shifting of circumstances, we might be sure of drawing some comfort, guidance and sympathy.

Poverty may excuse a shabby coat, but it is no excuse for shabby morals.

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SPECIAL.

We have moved from 609 Louisiana Avenue to Rooms 45 and 46, 3d Floor, St. Building, Cor. of F and 9th Sts. N. W.

Those desiring the editor on business can find him in Room 45 from 12.10 to 12.25 and any afternoon, from 4 to half-past 5.

WESTWARD HO!

The more we consider the subject, the less we are inclined to the belief that the south is the place best suited to the needs of the colored people. For two hundred and fifty odd years we have been at the south, laboring and toiling without just compensation and without even the hope of reward. Our energies have been spent in enriching the white people, and impoverishing ourselves. Our liberties have been invaded, our manhood debased, our prospects of future intellectual and material improvement blasted, our homes desecrated, and all the incentives calculated to stimulate *amor patriae* deadened by the relentless tyranny and oppressiveness of Bourbon vindictiveness and Bourbon hate. Human slavery has given place to political slavery. The clang of chains has been silenced by war, but the spirit which forged the chains is still rife, and the sound of fetters finds a dreadful sequel in the sound of the assassin's rifle. The spirit of intolerance which ignored the claims of colored men to humanity, is still exercised in the same spirit, but in other form only, which ignores their claims to the rights and privileges of freedmen and citizens. Indeed, considering the vast improvement we have made within the past twenty years, and at the same time observing the exceedingly slight change in the disposition of the whites of the south towards us, in the matter of according us our rights, we have reasons to be alarmed for the future of the colored people. The tendencies of the south are to crush out every spark of manhood we possess. Our former masters are systematically withholding from us the means of enlightenment by making the school term of the least possible duration. Indeed, there is no adequate free school system at the south. The whites, fearing lest the colored people may become unwieldy by reason of education and refinement, are withholding even from themselves the means of intellectual and moral improvement, and thus the colored people and the poorer class of whites are made to grow up in ignorance, shackled by bitter antagonisms, and poisoned by vicious tendencies.

The prosperity and happiness of a people are measured by the extent and quality of their home-culture. Where there are homes full of love and blissful in domestic security, we may expect to find moral and prosperous people; where the sanctity of home is liable to be outraged by vicious and unprincipled men, and our children to be dragged in the dust of shame and humiliation; where there is no protection for the weak, no justice for the injured, and no punishment for the criminal, there you may expect to find unhappiness, misery and want. The southern white man has no respect for colored people, male or female. He boasts of the homes he has despoiled by his libertinism, and of the hearts he has broken by reason of his infamous outrages. The home of the colored man at the south is not secure, because there is no law to punish the offenders. What the colored people want is to enjoy the fulness of liberty—to feel the pulsations of a heart, unterrified by the perpetual fear of interference, and to have the consciousness of compleie manhood and independence. And however we may feel toward *ourselves* in this matter, we owe it to our children to place them under such conditions as will tend to expand their manhood and womanhood, and to instil in their minds, enforced by practical tests and illustrations, the purest ideas of morality, of manhood, and of independence.

This cannot be done at the south. The great West and Northwest offer inducements to the colored people. There they can live and labor among friends who will lead them into the groves of peace and prosperity. In last week's issue we published a letter from Nebraska, in which our readers found food for thought. It develops the fact that the people in the west beckon us to come to them to assist in building up that vast country, and in sowing the seeds of liberty and peace We refer our readers to Mr. Burton's letter published in our last issue.

From that it will be seen that the prospects of acquiring property in the West are more encouraging than at the south, where the land is in all cases very poor, and in most cases so encumbered by mortgage and deeds of trust as to be almost unpurchasable.

Let us go west! Let us leave the land of oppression. Let us secure homes where virtue is respected and manhood is protected; where peace and prosperity await the honest and industrious, and where civil rights and political rights are granted and enforced, Let us be up and doing; and when the spring opens, let us leave Egypt for the Promise Land.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

In a few weeks Christmas will be here. To it with great expectancy many are looking. Friends, children and parents are quietly making their plans to show their regard for the ones they hold dear and near. In that season while there is much cheer in happy homes, there are thousands of poor to whom Christmas is the saddest season of the year, because of the memories it revives. Christian philanthropy has provided hospitals and homes for these. We have here near Howard University, the Home for Colored Women and Orphan Children, an institution managed largely by contributions from white philanthropists. This year the management desire to give these people a Christmas tree, and thus gladden their hearts. Our churches and our societies, as well as private individuals, should contribute, be it ever so little, to the expense of this Christmas tree. We have reason to know that the management will accept any sum, however small, and believe those who contribute will feel larger hearted for making contributions. Anything sent to Mrs. B. K. Bruce, 909 M Street, or Mrs. Dr. C. B. Purvis, 1122 13th Street, will be kindly acknowledged.

Prof. W. H. Crogman, of Clark University, has published in pamphlet form his two addresses on The Negro; his Needs and Claims, delivered in the church of Henry Ward Beecher, Sunday, October 14th. They are well worth careful perusal. He thus concludes:

"If I were asked what is the most important work before the American people to-day, I should say, unhesitatingly, the removal of all race antipathies, the reconciliation of all classes, and the moulding of these heterogeneous millions in their midst into one loyal, patriotic and liberty-loving people. But this can never be done by slighting some and indulging others, by recognizing some and ignoring others. America, like the Carthaginian queen, must hasten to say to the different races now crowding her shores,

"Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur."

On no other ground can this republic have permanent existence. Everything that tends to alienate any class of its people or any section of its territory is a menace to the principle upon which it is rounded. The safety of republican governments lies not so much in the sullen independence of individuals or classes or sections as it does in their mutual dependence."

We are always pleased to hear from Rev. J. C. Embry whom we consider to be one of the clearest headed of our thinkers. As a close observer of events; as one thoroughly devoted to the best interests of the race; a man whose life has been spent both in the North and South in the most trying period, his views should carry great weight. We therefore freely accord him the use of our columns for what he has to say on this burning question, "What must we do."

President Arthur is asked to use his influence in behalf of O'Donnell, who, if ever he was an American citizen, had abandoned it, condemned for murder on the high seas; and yet, day by day, American citizens are slaughtered in the South, and there is no remedy. We would remind Mr. Cox and his conferes that charity begins at home.

Chicago, June 3d, has been fixed for meeting of the National Republican Convention.

THE EXIGENT DUTY.

BY REV. J. C. EMBRY.

For The People's Advocate:

A great wave of thought and feeling is sweeping over our country, many are deeply moved; some with fear, others with indignation by reason of the late decision of the United States Supreme Court. I do not desire to join in expressing either fear or wrath in regard to this particular expression of American sentiment towards our race. To my mind it simply marks a stage in the general decline of sympathy among white Americans, for a hapless people, which began to manifest itself in various ways soon after the war A thoughtful observer of the drift of things cannot have failed to see and feel this steady decline from the noble stand of '65—69—taken by a vast majority of those who maintained the union cause in the war, up to the present date. We need only refer to the steady advances of the Democratic party in the North since '72, and its solid sway in the South, by bloody violence. since '76, to make this decline stand out clearly to the dullest mind. The hand that resistlessly crushed the Klu-Klux conspiracy of 1866–7–8, was palsied when called to deal with a similar combination in 1874, although it represented the same principles, and practiced the same barbarities. Hence our thoughts are not engrossed with the late decision, as *sui generis*, or as something of new and separate development -but in regard to the general situation.

We attempt to present ideas from our own humble stand-point, and give our own estimate of causes and results.

In a late issue of the Advocate, you called on us, as a people to begin thinking on our situation in the South, and of what is best to be done. This is good advice, although it is very old. We have ever so been advised, whenever we have to suffer any serious discouragement. Thinking is a good employment, but advising the masses of any people to think, especially ours, and to decide what is the better way in a situation so complex, and upon issues so profound as are those with which we are called to deal, is of but little value. The masses of any people seldom think—they act, and for the most part instinctively, from impulses rising out of the situation at the time. Great thoughts that become foundation stones of race or national power, are born of the few. Many persons are advising what to do, but it is very plain that our Moses has not yet appeared. He may be at the door, but we doubt it. If he were here we are not ready to follow him. The time is not ripe.

I take it as true that no man on earth can forecast with any degree of certainty the future of the colored Americans. Just what particular turn affairs may take in the near or distant future, only the eye of the Infinite can foresee. But by reasoning upon the facts before us, and by analogy of the past of other people, we may come upon some general conclusions on which we may rest, and toward which we may work with sustaining assurance.

First, if we look for analogies, there is no case in history perfectly analagous to ours. The case of the old Hebrews approaches nearer than any other. Dr. Crummell in his great sermon on the future greatness of our race gives a deal of light on this branch of the subject, by presenting us a chain of parallels on a higher and wider plane. The peculiar features of Hebrew Egyptian history lift it entirely out of analogy to our own, except in a few of the broadest conceptions of it. For us there is no escape in the mass from this land. The nation is bounded by the two great oceans, so that there is no place of refuge, East or West, North or South. The situation seems clearly providential, and beyond the power of man to materially alter. The law of nature comes in with its decree that "an oppressed people shall multiply and become strong." The white people refuse us political and social fellowship. They incorporate us under law, but in sentiment and practice repudiate the covenant. And here they stand, haggling and jabbering in a babel of tongues over the anomalous situation. One says, "they are aliens, of the uttermost remove; we cannot and will not embrace them," another says, "true, but they are here, and religion dictates that we ought to get on amicably, though distinct." Meanwhile what must we do? "Fight?" No! "Run away?" No, where to? What, then, shall we do? With your permission I will offer a general answer to this question in another letter. Let us not be alarmed, we shall not perish nor be destroyed. Our opportunities are still very great. We can yet do wonders if we but act wisely.

I shall try to show that the course pursued by us has been erroneous almost from the beginning, because the assumption on which we proceed is largely false. We were misled. Our eyes ought now be open.

On the Advantages Which the South Offers Over the North for our Colored Young Men.

A paper read before Bethel Literary, Tuesday evening, December 4 h, by A. J. Hilyer, of Minneapolis, Minn.:

The colored people of the North are becoming very rapidly educated. But when they are educated, when they have graduated, what can they do? There is no field in which they may labor. They must either be menials, or starve or drift south. The colored youth of the North, male and female, its flower and its spirit, seeing their race hopelessly in the minority, with every avenue to business or material preferment closed in their faces, will aspire to be something other than menials and go to a place where their color is not a complete bar to their development or preferment in any of the avocations of life.

Thus two opposites, will contribute to bring about the same result, viz: The concentration of the white population in the North and West and mountainous districts of the South, and the colored population in the agricultural districts of the Southern States. I predict that many listening to me to-night will live to see most, if not all, of the eight States wholly or partially under the control of colored people.

The white people of these States will make a determined stand for the land of their fathers. But somebody must go. The South can't spare the Negro, and nobody else wants him if they could. The white man is welcome any where. The Negro nowhere but just where he is, in the South, and there he is endured as a necessary evil. The Negro must remain in the South because there is nowhere else for him to go. The South is his natural home, because nature has best fitted him for it. No other race can labor in those States on terms of equal footing. In the economy of nature only the fittest can survive.

It was a dogma of Thomas Jefferson, than whom America has not produced a more clear-headed and sagacious States man, that these two races could not live in the same community on terms of perfect equality. This opinion is also expressed by De Tocqueville in his excellent work on "American Institutions." The history of the past twenty years seems to verify this opinion, wherever the two races have approached each other in anything like equality of numbers or powers there has been conflict, and as yet the Negro has always been worsted. He has always come out second best. But this will not always be. The white people of the South, aided by their intelligence and wealth, and the power which these bring, will retard our progress for a short time. But the most they can do is to postpone a coming event. From every defeat, obstacle and opposition, we will gather strength and force for the next attack. I mean intelligence, wealth and experience. Individuals learn quickly—a nation or race learn slowly. It will cost us a great deal to learn the value of, and how to use, *combination*. It is the very weapon that is being used against us now in the South, with such disastrous effects. It may be a long time, but we will learn it yet. When the proper time arrives for the Negro in the South to get up, he will rise, like a great giant from his sleep, and conscious of his strenghth, slowly stretch out his limbs. When we have made the proper *average* progress there is no force in existence that can stay our onward march. This change will be brought about gradually, generally peacefully. I look for no sudden revolution, no violent out burst. We are a patient people, and can afford to wait and labor for the good things that are certainly in store for us.

We have been suddenly injected into the midst of a state of society far advanced in civilization, and in cunning—into the midst of a population rich and powerful, permeated with a senseless prejudice against us, that is the growth and culture of two and a half centuries. That prejudice is hostile to our advancement and elevation. It teaches its possessors that their safety lies in keeping the Negro down. True, we have among this people some true, real, dear friends. But the great majority of the whites are afraid of us. They don't want us to come too near them. They like us in our place, and the nearer we come to doing as they do, thinking as they think, the nearer we come to being like them, the further we are out of our place. They regard us as a different and distinct race of men from themselves and it remains to be seen whether the colored people of the North can live in the same community with this vastly more numerical, immensely more wealthy and experienced Anglo-Saxon and realize his highest possibilities of development. It is just as unreasonable as to expect a common draft horse to give a fine bred running horse a half mile start and then save his distance. The Negro will be distanced every time in such a contest.

The great bulk of the colored population is in the South. They are there to stay. They are not a migratory people. It is a waste of time to consider the probability of their going any where else. In the North we are only a few compared with the great white population, and under the circumstances there existing and likely to exist, I repeat the query, can the Negro attain his highest possibilities of development in the North? To throw some light on this question let us examine the actual, the practical, status of the Negro of the North.

He occupies a very peculiar position. So far as abstracted law can give him his civil rights he has them in common with an Astor or a Vanderbilt. He has the privilege, and does actually exercise it, of riding in the finest palace cars cars that the ingenuity of George M. Pullman has devised. He can purchase and occupy the same seat in a theatre that Senator Thurman might have purchased. Though he is sometimes told at hotels that "they are full," yet he usually has no trouble in trouble in getting accomodated. We have in the North many privileges, or perhaps they have now assumed the dignity of prerogatives, that we are denied in the South. But we must not be deceived by these superficial advantages. They alone do not contribute one jot or iota to our material advantages. We can never rise to power and influence simply by occupying a seat in a theatre by the side of the rich and powerful. Contact may communicate to us some contagious disease, But contact will not communicate to us wealth and influence. No one must understand me as underrating the importance and value of these advantages which we have in the North. They are very potent factors in the development of any people There is another far more fundamental. And this fundamental factor is the opportunity to achieve material prosperity.

The Negro in the north is snowed under by a race vastly more numerical, immensely more wealthy and experienced; a race permeated with a prejudice that is and always will be hostile to his interests, and who fear contact with him on terms of perfect social equality as they would a black snake.

They will go to great expense to aid and sympathize with him as long as he remains in the south, but the moment he begins to "exodust" northward some of his former most true and tried admirers, to say nothing of friends, don't love him so well as they thought they did. This was the case with the good people of Kansas and Indiana.

There is little real satisfaction in the hope that this prejudice against the Negro will ultimately completely die out. True it has faded very perceptibly in the last few years; but this has been brought about by the excitement attending the civil war and a spasmodic attempt to repair the wrongs of slavery. The favor into which the Negro so suddenly sprang directly after the war rested upon an artificial sentiment, a sort of manufactured sympathy. And in times of peace and prosperity anything that has no other support than a manufactured sympathy, is always in very great danger. The elevation of the Negro was also one of the means adopted to punish the south for their treason. Hence we see that as we recede further and further from the war and its effects, men rise up who know not Joseph, and who are not moved by the passions and hatreds of the war. This artificial sentiment becomes of less avail. Racial affinity begins to re-assert itself as soon as the smoke of the battle has cleared away. The two races are now receding from each other. They are further apart than they were ten years ago. This tendency to separate still exists. The Negro used to have unlimited confidence in his white friend. He *now* distrusts and watches his white brother, whereas he formerly confidingly trusted in him. There is a growing tendency to separate in the church and in civic societies, where a few years ago they were together. Men cannot see through the veil of their prejudices, hence they cannot easily see their error. Men will give up everything but their prejudices. They cling to them with a fearful tenacity, and transmit them as a valued hereditament to their children. The Jews belong to the white race. They could easily become absorbed in the other white races, and lose their identity. Yet a prejudice more heartless, cruel, and perennial, if possible, than the Negro ever knew, has pursued them after 1800 years of civilization and progress into every corner, and crack, and crevice of the civilized globe. All this in the face of the fact that the Jews are, and have long been, the bankers of Europe. They are courted and flattered by princes and statesmen, but these princes are powerless to protect them from the fury of the mob, which is but the bursting out of that relentless prejudice that has pursued them for so many centuries.

Can the Negro of the North, carrying about with him the badge of his race, alike unable to put it aside or to hide it, or to become absorbed into the dominant race, have reasonable hope of overcoming the prejudice there against him, and of being finally received on terms of perfect equality in all the civil, political, business and social relations of life? And without these no reasonable man will maintain for a moment that we can attain our highest possibilities of development.

(to be continued).

—The following paragraph, in Mr Hilyer's paper, referring to the increase of the races, was incorrectly "set up" last week. It should read thus:

The average increase of the colored population assisted by an immigration that is scarcely appreciable has been for the last 90 years 27 7-10 per cent. The average increase of the white population with the aid of an immigration of hundred of thousands has been for the same time 23 3-10 per cent. The white population doubles every 25 years, the colored every 22 years.

DIED—Last Saturday evening, at the residence of her parents, Miss Emily Matilda, last surviving daughter of John and Martha A. Armstead. Interment at Lebanon Cemetery Tuesday.

There is nothing in this simple statement differing materially from that of hundreds of others read from day to day in our public prints. But when it is borne in mind that within seven years and five months four sisters and one brother have left vacant places in the same household; that only four days before that brother, the first born of the circle, had taken his flight; that the surviving sister, confined to her chamber in this city, was summoned to brave the perils of a midnight travel by rail to her home, only to find that brother not dying, but already dead; that ere his mortal remains had been deposited in their final resting place in Mother Earth, she called attendants by her bedside gave her parting advice to her brother now the only surviving child of eight children, begged them not to call the attention of father, or of mother who herself lay ill in an adjoining room, for she desired "to spare them the sight," and then passed peacefully, hopefully away to the better land—when these things are remembered, it will be the universal opinion that such a death is one of thousands.

Miss Armstead was in her twenty-fifth year. She was a graduate of the Institute for Colored Youth, in the city of Philadelphia. She first came to Washington as a teacher in 1879. She taught for two or three years at the Chamberlain Building, and latterly at the Garnet. Owing to her health, which has never been very robust, especially in the past three years, she was unable to attract that general attention as a teacher to which her ambition and talents fitted her.

In 1880, when the Board of Education of Baltimore decided to test the ability of the colored people to furnish qualified colored teachers for the city schools of that city, Miss Armstead entered the examination, and, of the seventy-two applicants, was one of the successful eighteen, and the *only lady* of the entire number to win a certificate, although of the number who entered, there were other ladies of the public schools of this city, and some who were reckoned especially well qualified in this respect.

Miss Armstead made an open profession of Christianity some years ago, and was a member of the 15th Street Presbyterian Church. She lived the life and she died the death of a Christian. Her days were few; but, as has been well said, "that life is long which answers life's great end."

West Washington Notes

There will be a marriage celebrated, between Miss Elizabeth Boarman and Mr. Augustus Williams, on the 20th inst, at the bride's father, 1405 28th st.

There was a large turnout, on Sunday evening, at the first Baptist Church by the Sons and Daughters of Salem. A special sermon was preached by the pastor and they gave the church a liberal contribution.

Rev. Mr. Herth and Law Brown, of Howard University, assisted in conducting the exercise at Zion Mission Sunday School, which was very interesting. Zion Mission gave an old fashioned supper Wednesday evening in the basement Ebenezer A. M. E. church, which was largely patronized.

Rev. Mr. Payne preached at Ebenezer Sunday morning, and the pastor, Rev. Mr. Brown, preached a special sermon on Sunday evening to a fine audience.

The Sabbath School gave a fine exhibition and concert, on Thursday and Friday evenings. Music conducted by Mr. Jno. Butler, Mr. Frank Jones, organist. Exercises were excellent, with a financial success.

The congregation of Mt. Zion M. E. church moved up in their main audience room, on Sunday. Their new church is now finished in a tasteful and stylish manner. They had services all day. Trustees collection $64. The closing of their fourth quarterly report was held on last Tuesday evening, with Elder Brown in the chair and Messrs. Dennis, Wayman and A. Dorsey, as secretaries. The Class Leaders reported 565 members. The Trustees reported their annual collection $1786.24; expenditures $1800.35. Superintendent, J. N. Williams reported 300 Sabbath school scholars, 18 converts and $12.50 in treasury. Missionary fund, collected during the year, $82.

The estate of the late Rev. T. H. Adams has recently been settled in favor of the heirs, Mrs. J. B. Adams and Mrs. S. R. Holmes, through their attorney, R. D. Ruffin.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B. Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

ADVERTISING NOTICES.

Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

All communications should be addressed THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE, Bhx 263, Washington, D. C.

WHERE TO GET YOUR ADVOCATE

Mrs. J. A. Polkaty, 1218 M street northwest, Washington, D. C.
H. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.
People's Book Store, 1747 7th st. N. W.
J. H. Beller, Druggist, 16th and M. Sts., N. W.
R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.

LOCAL.

—Don't forget the Fair.

—The Osborne Bazaar has been moved to 915, 7th street, n. w.

—Miss Hattie F. McWill arrived in the city last week from Chicago.

Buy Ingersoll and Douglass' speeches on Civil Rights, 10 cents a copy if bought at our office, 12 cents if ordered by mail.

—Capt. Fleetwood's reply to "IONE", and "LOUISE," crowded out.

—Special Mission Services at the 15th street, Presbyterian church to-morrow evening, at 7:30 o'clock. An attractive program hes been arranged.

—If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—"Come where the lilies bloom"—a quartette sung by Misses Anna Smith and Sarah Tyler, Messrs. Spencer Green and Mr. Hayes, at Bethel Literary, Tuesday night—was as well rendered as any part song of the season. The music is now under the conduct of Calvin D. Johnson.

—The Fair, for the benefit of the Washington Cadet Corps, New Armory Hall, O street, between 7th and 8th sts., n. w., will be opened Monday Dec. 17th, 1883.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—Mas. Josephine Davis has as fine an assortment of fine confectioneries on hand and as beautiful display as can be seen in any store of the kind in the city. Pay her a visit and it will be found that the half has not been told, 714, K street, n. w.

—Mr. George W. McWill has returned home from Chicago. George looks well after his three years' absence; but the rheumatism takes hold of him now and then. It is reported that he will soon take unto himself a better half.

—Bishop Payne attended Banneker Circle Monday night and made some very encouraging remarks.

—J. R. Clifford, of Martinsburg, West Virginia, spent a day here last week.

—Our quartette, who went to Philadelphia Thanksgiving Day, did not come up to general expectations, so the *Globe* correspondent says, which, by the way, confirms statements made in private correspondence. The next time a quartette goes from Washington, we want all the parts to be well sustained by our strongest talent. A first-class bass singer or a first-class tenor is not sufficient.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor late of the firm of Banks & Richardson, still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The Washington Harmonic Company will give a grand concert at Ebenezer A. M. E. church, Beall street, Georgetown, D. C., Wm. H. Brown, pastor, on Monday evening, December 17th, 1883, for the benefit of said church. The following well-known artists will appear: Miss Amelia L. Tilghman, Leading Soprano; Miss Sarah A. Jurix, Soprano; Miss Amelia Wallace, Alto; Mr. John T. Lane, Tenor; Mr. John T. Layton, Basso; Mr. F. Jones, Organist; Mr. John T. Layton, Musical director. Concert commences at 8 o'clock p. m. Admission, 25 cents.

—The lecture at the Berean Baptist church, Monday-evening, was quite an interesting one. It was opened by prayer, by Rev. Bolden, former pastor of 19th street, Baptist church. Mr. Wayland was introduced by Rev. W. H. Scott. Mr. Wayland delivered a fine lecture to an appreciative audience, after which a collection was taken.

We beg our readers to notice the advertisement, found in another column, of Douglass' attractive collection of Holiday Novelities, which are sold at reduced rates. Their assortment of these goods can not be surpassed, their attendants are unusually polite and the location, St. Cloud's Building, the same in which the ADVOCATE office is located, corner of 9th and F streets, is the best in the city.

—A very successful "Mother Hubbard party" was given Wednesday evening December 5, at the residence of Mrs. R. H. Nugent, 1609 P-street, n. w., for the benefit of St. Luke's Episcopal church, by the Choral Society, of which Hon. Harrison H. Ferrel, of the 7th district of Virginia, is president.

—Dr. W. W. Patton, president of Howard University, will occupy the pulpit of the Plymouth Congregational church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clk. The doctor will preach in his usual forcible manner, and it will be worth the while of all to avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing him.

—The Gray Mansion, on 17th street, between O and P, is handsomely furnished, and the caterer, Mr. John A. Gray, is prepared to accommodate persons who desire a fine location, comfortable apartments and splendid board Mr. Gray is a caterer of wide reputation and those who desire ease and comfort would do well to patronize him.

Headache, Languor and Melancholy generally spring from a Disordered Stomach, Costiveness, or a Torpid Liver. Each may readily be removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Sanative Pills, a few doses of which will be found to stimulate the Liver and Stomach to healthy action, remove all biliousness, and produce regular evacuations of the bowels.

BETHEL LITERARY.

Rev. Dr. Crummell will read his celebrated paper entitled, "The Black Woman of the South," before the Bethel Literary, next Tuesday night. The meeting will be held at Lincoln Mission.

Last Tuesday night the discussion, on the paper by Mr. Hilyer, was resumed.

Hon. John H. Rainey opened. The advantages of the South depend upon the stand-point from which considered. Considering the climate it is better adapted to the colored people than the North—in fact better for poor people generally, but more than climate must be considered. The idea that because of numerical preponderance the Negro would control the South, was not warranted by public sentiment. The prestige of the whites of the South, their historical place &c., made them determined to hold the control of government against all hazards. Intellectual strength does not necessarily go with great numbers.

School privileges in the South were scanty and inadequate, and colored people did not receive the equal protection of the laws. The increase in the cotton crop which did not bring corresponding benefit to the laborer was then dwelt upon. Mississippi was cited as a community of liberal feeling caused by migration. Colored men in Connecticut, at least, have employment not only as mechanics, but as contractors—many of them filling larger contracts than any he had heard of by colored men in the South. Lastly, there are some true white friends of the Negro at the North, who will co-operate with him to secure him justice. Mr. Rainey was heartily applauded.

Mr. Deas made an impassioned speech and contended that the South should be redeemed. This could not be done by abandoning her.

Mr. Welbourn said the rank and file of the South is no better than at the close of the was. Success at the South is only possible by revolution or by leaving it.

Rev. W. H. Scott said, in the North we have our rights, but nearly every avenue for remunerative work was closed; in the South there is plenty of work, but no rights, hence he advised migration to the West.

Mr. Hilyer said the new points raised by Mr. Rainey made it necessary to reiterate some of his statements, the main one being, that as the American Negro was an offshoot of the Anglo-Saxon civilization, he would not antagonize American interests as the East Indian does British interests.

J. H. Hutchins spoke of the colored people of Ga., as paying taxes on $6,000,000 and expressed his belief on the destiny of the race in the South.

W. K. Price spoke mainly of the field for usefulness open in the South for doctors, lawyers and preachers, who did not desert their professions for politics. Young men of wisdom and discretion could succeed there.

H. B. Abrahams believed it the true policy to remain in the South and conquer the difficulties there, rather than than flee to the North and West and leave the work for others to do. It was not manly, it was not patriotic, it was not worthy of the race.

C. D. Johnson thought the continued presence of the advocates of the South in Washington, did not speak much for the sincerity of their avowed principles. He was Southern-born, but he had no hesitation in saying that he hated Virginia—his native State.

Mr. Cardoza spoke briefly in favor of the North as offering greater inducements and Mr. Rainey closed.

Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

A representative of THE ADVOCATE called on Capt. T. M. Burrell, the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, in the interest of Jacob Strather, a young man who possesses considerable taste and skill in the matter of drawing and designing, with the view of securing for him a position in the Bureau as an engraver's apprentice. He was agreeably surprised to find Capt. Burrell a very agreeable gentleman who seemed and talked as though he was anxious to help deserving members of the colored race. Mr. Burrrell seems to have no prejudice, and presents a striking contrast to his immediate predecessor, Col. Irish. We may expect to see Capt Burrell make a wise departure in giving our young colored men an opportunity to become skilled in the useful arts.

THE OLD SONG.

Oh, sing again that dear old strain
My mother sang to me,
When holy rays of earlier days
Gleamed through our threshold tree.
The sunset low, in purple glow,
Crept o'er the sanded sill;
She lingered there, in that old chair—
Mother! I see thee still.

The low-eaved roof, with mossy woof,
And creepers trailing o'er;
The story long, the dear old song
Beside that oaken door.
The eyes that shone, the melting tone
Of that sweet voice still come,
With silvered hair and plantive prayer
Blest memories of my home!

Long years have fled; the vines are dead,
And withered that old tree;
And never more, beside *that* door,
Will mother sing to me!
But golden gleams of hallowed themes
Will linger to the last;
I cherish still, with sacred thrill,
The ashes of the past.

Then sing again that dear old strain
My mother sang to me,
When holy rays of earlier days
Gleamed through our threshold tree.

The excavations at Ostia, at the southern mouth of the Tiber, discovered valuable remains. An altar of remarkable beauty was found, upon which illustrations of the birth of Romulus and Remus are sculptured in such high relief that some of the figures are almost detached. On one side are the Palatine and the shepherd Faustulus looking down from the cliff upon the twin boys; on another are Rhea Silvia and the god Mars, with a genius above them drawing them together; while on the third are Cupids playing with the helmet and arms of the divinity. It is regarded as the most important work of art discovered there for some time, and is in good preservation.

There is a mutual dependence upon each other among the various classes of society, like that of the members of the human body. The manufacturer depends upon the farmer and others for the sale of his fabrics and the means of his subsistence; the mechanic and the professional man have a like dependence upon other classes; and the farmer, though most independent, is greatly indebted to the other classes for his prosperity, and the social enjoyment of civilized society. Each class flourishes best when all classes flourish most. Hence every individual acts wisely who endeavors to promote the prosperity of all.

The Atlantic Monthly

FOR 1884.

The conductors of THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY indicate herewith a few of the noteworthy features for 1884, and need not assure its readers that it will continue, as it has been beyond question, the foremost of American magazines, in all features and varieties of literary excellence.

MR. CRAWFORD'S SERIAL STORY
"A ROMAN SINGER,"
Will run through the first six numbers of the volume for 1884. This story has attracted marked attention by its vigor and freshness.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES
Will write exclusively for THE ATLANTIC during 1884. The mere announcement of frequent contributions by him is more welcome than almost any other announcement could be.

DR. WEIR MITCHELL
Has written for THE ATLANTIC a striking serial story, entitled
"IN WAR TIME."
This will begin in January.

HENRY JAMES
Will contribute several Short Stories and sketches of Continental travel.

W. D. HOWELLS
Will furnish several papers of European travel.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
Will contribute Essays on literary and social topics.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB
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A Foiled Book Agent.

A young man with a large book under his arm and a seven-by-nine smile on his mug, stuck his head into the ticket window at the Union Depot, and asked the clerk what the fare was to San Antonio.

"Ten dollars and fifteen cents," replied the ticket slinger.

"I am pining to leave Galveston, but I lack just ten dollars of the ticket money. However, that shan't part us. I'll make a partial cash payment of fifteen cents and take the rest out in trade."

"What do you mean by taking in out in trade?"

"I am a book agent, and if you will let me have the ticket I won't try to sell you the book. I won't say book to you once. This is the most liberal and advantageous offer ever made to the public, and you ought to take advantage of it. I have been known to talk a sane man so completely out of his senses in fifteen minutes that he wasn't even fit to send to the legislature afterward."

"What book have you got?" asked the ticket agent.

A beaming smile came over the book agent's face, and in a sing-song voice he began:

"I am offering, in seventeen volumes, Dr. Whfletree's Observations in Palestine, a book that should be in every family, a book that comprises the views of the intelligent doctor on what he saw in the Holy Land, with numerous speculations and theories on what he did not see, altogether forming a complete library of deep research, pure theology and chaste imagery. I am now offering this invaluable encyclopedia for the unprecedented low price of two dollars a volume, which is really giving it away for nothing——"

After the book agent had kept this up for about ten minutes, he began to grow discouraged, for, instead of showing signs of weakening, the ticket agent, with an ecstatic smile upon his face, begged the eloquent man to keep on.

The book agent stopped to rest his jaw, when the ticket man reached out his hand and said: "Shake, old fel! Come inside and sing that all over again. That braces me up like a cocktail. I used to be a book agent myself before I reformed and went into the railroad business, and that is like music to me. It soothes me all over. It calls back hallowed memories of the past, and makes me want to go out on the road again. I would rather pay twenty dollars than have you leave Galveston. You must come around every day. I could listen to that all day, and cry for more:

The book agent shut his book, and said: "Some infernal hyena has given me away; but there's another railroad that I can get out of this one-horse town on. I'll not consent to travel on a road that don't employ gentlemen who can treat a cash customer with common politeness. You can't capture my book on any terms, and if you'll come out of your cage I'll punch your head in less time than you can punch a ticket." And he passed out like a beautiful dream.—[Galveston News.

Hints About House-Cleaning.

Copperas mixed with whitewash put upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away.

To polish stained floors, rub them thoroughly once a week with beeswax and turpentine.

Strong brine may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads; hot alum is also good for this purpose.

Hellebore sprinkled on the floor at night destroys cockroaches; they eat it and are poisoned.

Drain pipes and all places that are sour or impure may be cleansed with lime water, copperas water or carbolic acid.

When house-cleaning, be sure and take nutritious food at least three times per day, and it will go far toward enabling you to keep strength and temper.

Carpets should be thoroughly beaten on the wrong side first, and then on the right, after which spots may be removed by the use of ox-gall or ammonia and water.

When hard-finished walls are calcimined, the soiled coats should be washed or scraped off before a new one is put on. This is the most disagreeable part of the process. The furniture should be covered, as lime makes spots that remove with difficulty, especially upon black walnut.

Furniture needs cleaning as much as other woodwork. It may be washed with warm soap suds, quickly wiped dry and then rubbed with an oily cloth. To polish it, rub it with rotten-stone and sweet oil. Clean off the oil and polish it with a chamois skin. For ordinary woodwork use whiting to rub the dirt off and ammonia. Mortar and paint may be removed from window glass with hot, sharp vinegar. Grained wood may be washed with cold tea.

In washing painted walls it is a good plan to remove from the room everything that can be injured by steam and then hang sheets wrung from hot water in the room. The vapor, condensing on the walls, softens the dirt, which may be wiped off with woolen cloths wrung from soda water. Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water. If the wall about the stove has been smoked by the stove cover the black patches with gum shellac and they will not strike through paint or calcimine.

Paint your plastered walls and they will not absorb odors. You can easily clean them with soda and water. Soap and water spots them. When paper and plaster become saturated with effluvia, nothing but entire removal will clean them. Insects will not harbor in painted walls. Before paint or calcimine is applied to walls every crack and crevice should be filled with plaster or cement made of one part water to one part silicate of potash mixed with common whiting. For the calcimine put a quarter of a pound of white glue in cold water over night and heat gradually in the morning until dissolved. Mix eight pounds of whitinn with hot water, add the dissolved glue and stir together, adding hot water until about the consistency of thick cream. Use a calcimine brush and finish as you go along.

During very cold weather, how long can the ink stand?—[Keokuk Constitution.

And how long can the pen holder?—Burlington Hawkeye.

Tell us how long can the pencil sharpener, and we'll answer that.—[Omaha Rep.

They are right as long as the weather remains stationary.—[Omaha Bee.

Your puns are enveloped in obscurity. That's no wafer to get off jokes.—[Detroit Free Press.

Seal-ah!—[Boston Globe.

Does any one for a moment suppose that such puns give a paper weight? They should be ruled out and a fool's cap placed on the punsters.—[Norristown Herald.

Let envy-lope no further.—[Cin. Saturday Night.

The en-quire-y arises, When will this thing cease? It is a blot on journalism; and it is also ink-redible how these pencil-shovers can Faber-icate such foolishness. Demy if it isn't.—[G. Mima.

An American President's pay—$50,000 a year and bored.

One of the first requisitions received from a newly-appointed railroad station agent was: "Send me a gallon of red oil for the danger lanterns."

"What are the wild waves saying, John?" sang out Young America to a Chinaman on the beach. "Washee, washee," calmly replied the Celestial with a grin.

"You are weak," said a woman to her son, who was remonstrating against her marrying again. "Yes mother, I am," he replied, "I am so weak that I can't go a step-father."

A red-headed man recently attended a masquerade wrapped from his neck to his heels in a brown cloth, and with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.

A man who will break a gum drop in two pieces, to make the exact weight, when selling candy to a little girl is mean enough to sell a cross-eyed needle to a blind woman.—Oil City Derrick.

Nautical: Husband (jokingly)—"Oh, I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife—"Yes, and the jibboom and the—and the—" Small boy (from experience)—"And the spanker too, mamma." [Applause.]—Boston Transcript.

The editor wrote "An Evening with Saturn," and it came out in the paper, "An Evening with Satan." It was mighty rough, but the foreman said it was the work of the "devil." And it looked that way.—Bloomington Eye.

Mistress—As you've never been in service, I'm afraid I can't engage you without a "character." Young Person—I have three School Board certificates, ma'am. Mistress—Oh, well, I suppose for honesty, cleanliness—Young Person—No, ma'am; for literatoor, joggr'phy and drawin'.

The Shuttle family were quietly enjoying their Sunday afternoon dinner. "Job, my dear," said his wife, wreathed in smiles, "I wish you had been at church this morning. Mr. Goodwill was very interesting, and when he prayed for the absent ones—" "Well, that accounts for it, then. I haven't caught such a string of fish for a year as I did this morning."

Several would-be jurors were very much disappointed at not getting on the jury at $3 a day, and left the court-room. They met several others outside who also wanted to get on the jury. One of the disappointed applicants said to those who were about to enter the court-room: "Its no use for you to go in unless you own property." "Own property! Why, you darned fool, do you think I would be a juryman if I had any property?"—Galveston News.

Mason and Dixon's Line.

The term Mason and Dixon's line is applied to the parallel of latitude 39 degrees 43 minutes 26.3 sseconds north, which separates Pennsylvania from Maryland, drawn by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two distinguished English mathematicians and astronomers. As the northern limits (with the exception of small portions of Delaware and Virginia) of the original slave states, it was prominently mentioned in the controversies concerning slavery. It begins at the northeast corner of Maryland and runs due west. The years from 1681 to 1768 were marked by constant dissention and conflict between the rival proprietaries of Pennsylvania and Maryland and their partisans, on the subject of their common boundary, and the vicinity of this line was the theatre of riot, invasion, and bloodshed. Mason and Dixon arrived in Philadelphia in November 1763, and commenced their work in December. It was continued to a point 244 miles from the Delaware river, and within thirty-six miles of the whole distance of the run, where they were compelled to stop operations in consequence of the opposition of the Indians. They returned to Philadelphia, and were discharged on Dec. 26, 1767. At the end of every fifth mile of this line a stone was planted, graven with the arms of the Penn family on one side and of Lord Baltimore on the other. The intermediate miles were marked with smaller stones having P. on one side and M. on the other. In 1782 Col. Alexander Mc Clean and Joseph Neville of Virginia ran the remaining part of the line. In 1849 the former surveys were revised, and found correct in all important poinrs.

American Colleges.

There are scattered over the United States about 360 institutions called colleges or universities, exclusive of institutions which receive only women. Of these colleges or universities about five-ninths or nearly 200, have been organized since 1850; only twenty of them were in existence before this century, and only twenty-eight were in existence in 1820, of which last number twenty-six were distributed over twelve of the thirteen original States. More than one-third of these 360 institutions charge no tuition fee, or only a nominal one, (not over $30 a year); and in this large class are included such institutions as the State Universities of California, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Missiouri, Nebraska and Wisconsin, the University and the College of the City of New York, Lehigh University and Oberlin College.

There are, moreover, forty-three agricultural and medical colleges (socalled), endowed by Government, the great majority of which charge no tuition fee. All but five of these last named institutions have been organized since the civil war, and those five have been reorganized and amplified. While the population of the United States has probably increased about five-fold in the sixty years, between 1820 and 1880, the number of colleges and universities has been multiplied by fourteen. All the old colleges in the original States charged and still charge a tuition fee; but the principal increase in the number of colleges has been at the West, and it is there that the practice of charging no tuition fee most obtains. The difficulty of justly estimating the relative standing or merit of these institutions in very great, particularly for an educated man who tries to choose a college for his sons. The names college and university afford no indications to which they are applied, and the common criterion of price—the rule that the dearest is probably the best—also; for some of the institutions which charge very low fees, or none, are better than some which charge higher fees. —*President Eliot's Report.*

A hundred years ago it was the custom in Europe, among the less intelligent classes, to nail a horseshoe over their doors to keep out evil influences, or the evil one himself. Centuries before that it was the custom of the half-converted Pagans to nail a horseshoe over their entrance doors on the outside, as a signal to Odin and his Scandinavian imps to pass their dwellings and leave them and theirs in peace. Now the superstition is almost extinct in Europe, and very prevalent in America, judging by the number of fancy horseshoes to be seen everywhere.

Jay Gould's First Appearance in New York.

In an interview Jay Gould gave a reporter of the *N. Y. Herald* the following account of his first introduction to New York:

"My first visit to New York was during the Crystal Palace Exhibition. I was a mere boy. I was full of ambition, and I brought a little thing with me from my country home that I thought was going to make my fortune and revolutionize the world. What do you suppose it was?"

"I am sure I do not know."

"It was (laughing heartily) a mouse trap. That mouse trap was to me the greatest thing in New York. It was not very big, but I took so much pride in it—it was so precious to me—that I had a very handsome mahogony box made in which to carry it. I remember very well getting on one of the street cars—I think it was on the Sixth avenue line. I was a little more unsophisticated in the ways of New York then than I am now. I was anxious to see the city. It was a wonder to me, and I stepped out on the platform to look at its blocks and blocks of houses. In my innocence I left my mouse trap on the seat. When I got to the street where I wished to get off I stepped inside to get it, and to my horror, found that my mouse trap had disappeared. Turning to the conductor I said, 'What has become of my box?' 'That box that was on the seat?' 'Yes.' 'Was it yours?' 'Yes.' 'Why, a man who got out and turned down the street above carried it off. If you run you will probably catch him.' I ran and I caught him. He was a great, strong fellow, but I collared him. I really regretted that I had done so and tried to get away, but the fact is one of my fingers accidentally caught in one of the buttonholes of his coat, and before I could get off there was a crowd around us and a policeman who took both of us off to the station house. The statements of the policeman and of the thief and of myself were all heard. The magistrate drew some nice legal and technical distinctions which came very near costing me my liberty. While the thief who stole my mouse trap was committed for trial I was given to understand that owing to my inability to furnish bail—for I knew no one in New York then—I should be detained as a witness until the trial came off. Fortunately for me, there was a detective in the place who had been hunting my mouse trap thief for years, and who had a requisition from I think, the Governor of Pennsylvania or New Jersey. He saved me. I forgot to say that when in the course of the examination the box was opened to verify the truth of my statement, and the purloined of my great invention found it was only a mouse trap, his face assumed such an expression of disgust that I really could not help laughing at him, although I was at that time in one of the most uncomfortable positions I had certainly up to that time been placed in. That mouse trap incident got of course into next day's *Herald*. I remember the title of the article very well—'How a Mouse Trap Caught a Thief.' It was the first appearance of Jay Gould in the pages of the *Herald*."

Glass Eyes.

A reporter of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* has been investigating the trade in glass eyes. From a firm which has sold glass eyes for many years, he learned that there were as many as a thousand wearers of them in that city, and that from 600 to 800 eyes are sold there every year. The best eyes are made at Uri, in Germany, the manufacture centering at that place on account of the occurrence there of fine silicates and other minerals needed in the business. The German eyes withstand the corrosive action of tears and other secretions better than those made in France.

At Uri are made also vast quantities of eyes used by taxidermists in mounting birds, animals, and other natural history specimens, besides a superior quality of marbles, known to boys as agates.

The artificial eye is a delicate shell or case, very light and thin, and concave so as to fit over what is left of the eye-ball. The shell is cut from a hollow ball or bubble of glass, the iris is blown in, and then the whole is delicately recoated.

The trade in Chicago has undergone a curious change. Twenty years ago there were sold very many more dark eyes than light, but from that period on the sale of dark eyes has been perceptibly dying out. Now nearly all are light eyes, say twenty light to one dark. In Boston the percentage is even larger, about thirty-five blue or light eyes to one brown; while on the other hand, in New Orleans fifty brown or dark eyes are sold to one light. Regarding the change in Chicago, it simply shows that the influx of population has been from the East principally, and from northern Europe.

Surgical operations are performed much more skillfully than formerly. Time was when it was deemed necessary to take out the eye entirely. Then the artificial eye became a fixed, glassy, staring object. Now amputation of portions of the eye can be performed in very many instances, and the glass eye fitted on the stump, which moves quite naturally.

Sometimes those who have lost an eye will keep two or three artificial substitutes. They will use one for the daylight with a small pupil, and another for night time with a large pupil to offset the dilation.

Royal Humor.

The late Emperor Nicholas happened one day to be engaged in inspecting a State penitentiary in one of the provincial seats of government, and took it into his head to question some of the convicts respecting the nature of the offences for which they were suffering punishment. "What are you here for?" he asked of one. "I am innocent, Imperial Majesty," replied the prisoner, falling on his knees: "a victim of false witness! A church was robbed—a beadle knocked on the head—the peasants caught hold of me, and I knew nothing about it." Similar replies were given by our prisoners. The Emperor, obviously bored by these successive protestations of guiltlessness, cast a glance along the line of prisoners until his eye fell upon a ragged, wretched-looking gypsy whom he beckoned forward with the words: "Of course you, too, are here on a false charge?" "Not a bit of it, your Majesty," replied the Tsigan; "it is all fair and square as far as I am concerned. I stole a pony from a tradesman." "Stole a pony, did you?" said the Czar, with a laugh; and then addressing the governor of the prison with well-assumed sternness. "Turn that good-for-nothing rascal instantly out of doors. I cannot allow him to remain a minute longer in such honorable and virtuous company, lest he pervert all these good and innocent people."

Some people think it exceedingly vulgar to learn a trade. Others think it the supreme exhibition of good sense. These will get along while others are forced to beg or borrow, or are perhaps eventually driven to stealing for a living.

Effects of Going to Hear an Elocutionist and Ventriloquist.

G. Mima, with his family, attended an elocutionary entertainment recently, and describes the subsequent result as follows:

I wonder if the lecture had the same effect in many families that it had in mine. We were all more or less elocution-struck. Invisible daggers were frequently floating in the air, and being clutched by the children, and at meal-time the carving-knife was so suggestive that the writer could not resist brandishing it aloft and exclaiming, *a la* Macbeth:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me—
The handle toward my hand? Come, let
me clutch thee!
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible to feeling as to sight?
Or art thou but a dagger of the mind;—
A false creation, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, as palpable as this which
now I draw!"

By considerable practice I had got this dagger scene down pretty fine; that is to say, I so flattered myself, and had about concluded that I missed my vocation in youth, and that if I had then turned my attention to the histrionic art I might now have been a rival of McCulloch and Keene. Well, one morning I was rendering it in a truly blood-curdling manner. It ought to have taken away the appetites of the whole family, but it didn't. Just as I had reached the climax, my two eldest children, Nellie and Fay, broke in with:

"Shoo, fly, don't bodder me!
Shoo, fly, don't bodder me!"

with appropriate gestures, and I was a "Crushed Tragedian."

And at (or near) the conclusion of breakfast, about the time the train whistled for Calvary station, it was in order to remark, after bolting the last buckwheat cake, and rushing around for overcoat and rubbers:

"I go, and it is done; the bell invites me."

To which the matron of the household, her eye in "a fine frenzy rolling," would reply:

"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to—well, Chicago."

Coming into the house the day of the last blizzard, after having been shoveling snow off the steps, and being well covered with the "Beautiful," gave occasion for the "better half" to exclaim, in a manner that would have made Bernhardt envious:

"Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
* * * * *
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee, and call thee—"

"Don't you touch the baby till you get thoroughly dry! And don't stand around and let it melt on the carpet!" (She forgot to ask whether my intents were wicked or charitable.)

And then the efforts at ventriloquism! The conversations with an imaginary Tommy up-stairs, and an equally hypothetical Johnny down below somewhere; the futile attempts to represent the tone of voice of an octogenarian; the hurrahing to somebody supposed to be at the depot and gradually approaching, as the Professor did.

Even the youngest member of the family, who has now attained the respectable age of eight months, seemed to produce some remarkable ventriloquial effects, (in the middle of the night, sometimes,) and gesticulated in such an easy and natural manner that no teacher of elocution could improve upon them.

The furore has about died out now, however, though it is not unusual to hear sentiments like this addressed to the juveniles on their going off to bed:

"Avaunt and quit my sight!"
"To all, to each, a fair good night,
And pleasing dreams, and slumbers
bright."

To which their reply, as they mount the stairs, is very likely to be "Excelsior! E-x-c-e-l-s-i-o-r!"

The Professor's explananation of the main principles of elocution and gesticulation seemed simple enough to look at, but it must require great practice to suit the one to the other; and it is very doubtful if some persons can ever attain great proficiency therein, especially adults who had no such practice in their youth.

"As the twig is bent, the tree inclines." There are (or were, years ago,) comparatively few twigs bent in that direction, and perhaps more attention might with advantage be paid to the matter in our public schools and at home. The average American citizen is rather an undemonstrative being at best—except on election-day.

Possibly professional elocutionists, and some ambitious amateurs, may once in a while overdo the thing; put more of acting in their reading than the selection would warrant. I think I have listened to such—in Oshkosh.

I fancy it would astonish some of the defunct poets quite as much to listen to the rendering of various of their productions by professional elocutionists, and find how much more there is in said verses than they imagined when they wrote them, as to hear them recited by school children.

For instance, it may be that Longfellow in writing "Excelsior" had it all mapped out—in his mind—just about as Prof. G. translated it the other evening; but I imagine that when the young fellow kicked the bucket, and with his last gasp faintly whispered "Excelsior," that was the end of it; the word didn't go floating around in space, etc. Possibly it was so cold up there that it froze as it left his lips, and thawed out when the rays of the sun got to it.

By the way, it has often occurred to me that the young man was a little off his base, so to speak. It wouldn't have injured him in the least to have rested on the way up, especially and more particularly at the time when that beautiful young lady was so urgent. A little rest then, and advice from one who was familiar with the route, might have saved his life.

In all the pictures I ever saw of this ambitious individual, he is represented as bare headed, and lightly clothed, with a sort of "wamus," or tunic, belted around him, low turn-down collar open at the throat, and no overshoes on. Now this was no costume to wear when climbing a high mountain covered with snow and ice. He ought to have known, if he knew anything, which is doubtful, that the higher one goes up a mountain, or in a balloon, the colder it grows, and made his preparations accordingly.

Then, by stopping occasionally, and taking at least one square meal about halfway up, he might have planted the banner with the strange device on the very summit, left it there, returned in safety, married the girl he had "mashed," and had the pleasure long years afterwards of recounting to his grand-children the story of his adventures on that memorable occasion.

I think Mr. Longfellow also did wrong not to give his readers any kind of an idea of what the trip was undertaken for. Probably the young man had made a bet that he could accomplish the feat in a given time. Well, he was plucky, but foolish.

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Seriously speaking, while, as I have said before, this matter of reading with elocutionary accompaniments may be carried to excess, and sometimes produce incongruous effects, it cannot be denied that competent instruction to children, not only in inflections, tone, force, clear enunciation, and all that go to make up good reading is highly necessary, but it is also very desirable that proper gestures be taught in reciting or declaiming. Doubtless many a possible orator is nipped in the bud when, fired by enthusiasm on some momentous occasion, he arises to speak words that shall burn, and finds it impossible by lack of training to get into the right position or manipulate his hands at all, and thereby becoming embarassed, forgets the well-turned sentences he had at his tongue's end when he arose, and very soon sits down abruptly, omitting the thrilling peroration which was to have carried conviction to the minds of his listeners.

The Evils of Hot Bread.

There is no law in this country to prevent the consumption of hot bread but the law of common sense, and unfortunately that is a dead letter as a govering principle in the lives of a great many people. That hot bread in nine cases out of ten will produce dyspepsia is no newly discovered fact, and especially is this terrible result sure to follow persistent indulgence on the part of those whose pursuits are quiet, indoors and sedentary. And yet the reformers, or those who call themselves such,—the men and women who work themselves into a white heat over the sale of a glass of cider—will go on year after year, not only making no outcry against this pernicious indulgence, but actually filling themselves up day by day with the hot and poisonous gases of the oven. This servant of the housewife can be made as terrible a stomach-destroyor as the distillery, and the sworn foes of the latter are liable to be its best patrons. Dyspepsia paints the nose and sours the temper as surely as dram drinking, and many sufferers from the former, though by their own willful acts, inveigh the most loudly against the latter. A well-defined case of jim-jams is the climax to a course of intemperance, and warns the victim that his alternative is death or immediate reformation. But the dyspepsia that hot bread, mince-pie and kindred abominations cause, has no sudden warnings. The man who uses them goes on making himself and those around him wretched, and refuses to acknowledge that he is a sinner above those whose lighter faults he frequently condemns fiercely

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THE SIMOOM.—The simoom, or "poison wind" of Arabia is a serious affair to the travelers caught in it. The center of the column of wind is composed of a poisonous gas, to breathe which is death. Around this center violent gusts of heated and impregnated air eddy and whirl like that of a furnace. It approaches slowly, amid the whirl of air currents that precede it for some distance. During its presence the only chance of preserving one's life is to cover the face with a cloth, and lie prone on the sand, inhaling what little pure air may be found next to the earth. Meanwhile the feeling in the chest is that of suffocation, and that in the limbs as if molten lead was being poured over them. Camels instinctively bury their nozzles in the sand, but horses do not possess the same preservatory instincts, and often perish in consequence.

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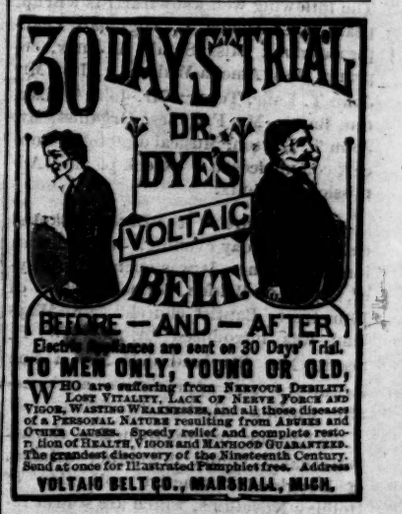

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